THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

LOGAN, : : OHIO.

HOUSE CLEANING.

- She who must be obeyed by me, Within the bounds of reason, Rose with the sun, but said that she Meant not to force the season.
- But then, the robin's voice she heard, And well she knew its meaning: To her dear soul thus spoke the bird: "Good wives, begin house cleaning."
- She who must be obeyed began; She turned our house to chaos; O day of wrath to hapless man! House cleaning yet will slay us.
- Flow fair the skies; how pure the air, When summer storms are over; The house is cleaned. Well, I declare, Once more we are in cloves
- She who must be obeyed is worth-
- More than all treasures on the earth, And that I often tell her. She's passed through clouds of dust as high
- As Israel's cloudy pillar, With smiling face and not one sigh, Another day would kill her That is, if she were like mankind,
- Impatient and explosive.
 But then she's not. She's good and kind,
 Where men would be corrosive. I love to hear the robin's call,

But then I greatly fear it:

She who must be obeyed by all Is first each year to hear it. And then doth come that awful day, That day of carpet whipping: It fills my heart with dire dismay-That day that there's no skipping.
-Egbert L. Bangs, in Chicago Advance.

DEAD YET ALIVE.

The True and Pitiful Story of a San Francisco Leper.

The morning was bright and bracing, the air stimulating as a glass of champagne. I was walking down the street to business with my mind in a whirl of happy thoughts. As I turned into San Francisco's leading thoroughfare and joined its surging tide of life, rushing onward at full speed, I scanned each passing face in search of one which bore the happiness reflected upon mine. Humanity in every guise was hurry-

ing to their various occupations. Some were sad, others gay. Many were followed by the grim phantom, care. Few looked genuinely happy. Though borne along upon the human wave, I was apart from it-in an ideal world of my own. With what cruel force it now comes back to me. I have lived it over, ah! so many times-and now again it confronts me-that glad day of my sorrow-steeped life. Again I am walking down the street in a happy reverie; again I see a sweet face, lit up by a pair of great, tender, brown eyes! Again I feel the clasp of a warm little hand in mine-the hand of my little Jess-oh, God! is there no mercy for such a stricken wretch? Slow, hot tears well into my eyes, while memory with bitter insistence holds up to my vision the mirror of the past. Of what was I thinking? I was thinking of my little love and the promise she made me take the previous night. The thought sent the blood leaping through my veins. My pace quickened. "To live! so keen a sense of strength and exhilthe to-morrows of my existence would grave-to the grave forever." reflections. young man ought to possess with which my bonny Jess? But my arm (is there not always this "but" or "if" to mar serted control over my body. arm of mine-this dead member of my anatomy is my greatest source of uneasiness. Before father lost his fortune of medical aid. I was treated by several physicians, but my malady baffled | leper. them, and father was finally obliged to return to America with me uncured. lepers. The world and its joys were How strange that I should have lost the use of my arm from the moment that I fell from that tree in the garden | if they were bound in a heavy lethargy. of our home in Honolulu. I was only a Upon their faces was an expression of child at the time. Since then years mute resignation. They sat listlessly have come and gone, yet it still hangs belplessly by my side. Well, to humor my little fiancee, I will consult a physi-

cian to-morrow. All that day I worked with a vim until the time of closing, and when evening came I went to see my darling Jess. As I entered she laid her dainty head, with its short crop of sunny bronze hair, against my breast and a room? Oh, God forbid! Send death in little happy sigh of content broke from any form but that-to sit and wait for her. Ever and again her soft eloquent eyes gazed tenderly into mine, then a caress, a whisper of endearment; and that was all, for we had no need of flesh gradually drops from the bones words. At parting she followed me to and nothing remains but a living mass the door and, raising my helpless arm laid it compassionately about her neck. I rushed wildly into the open air; I tore Her luminous eyes shone into mine with open my shirt; my brain and heart felt a took of appeal, which I understood.

murmured passionately, and with a lingering caress we parted.

Was there of all God's creatures one as blessed as I? And now what am I? cided by the board of health that I Dead! and yet alive—within sight and should be brought before them for a sound of the world, longing for its joys and pursuits, but fettered by the most that I was not a leper, I might return to hideous fate of which the human mind

I kept my promise to little Jess, and the following morning repaired to the mearest hospital to consult its medical decide my fate, and I was taken before advisers. The head physician made a a formidable array of physicians and eareful examination and, after the stripped. They regarded my fine usual formula, brought in two of his breadth of chest and strong limbs with regard me with such grave looks of derer in the dock on his last day of

was perplexed-vaguely uneasy. Dr. Norris broke in upon my conjectures and in serious tones said: that repulsive thing which all human-"Young man, I fear our d'agnosis of ity shous. It told me that I might your case will be a terrible shock to again go into the world a free manbravely? Have you strength to face have a home, and little children, and in Detroit Free Press. what may be z crushing blow?"

grasp the revolting significance of that from which I could read nothing-word. I gazed blankly at the solemn nothing. During Dr. Buckley's exami faces of my doomsmen. I seemed to have lost all power of motion. My body was like a heavy dead weight—my eyeballs seared with the hot tears which could not fall-and in flery letters be-

fore my seeling vision was the awful word "leprosy." "I regret exceedingly," resumed the doctor, "that I am forced to send you to

the leper ward at the pest house. At last! my numbed sensibilities were roused. "Doctor!" I cried in a voice which shook with emotion. "Are you so lost to all sense of justice or mercy as to consign me to a living death? my case should be looked into by the some infection? The meanest of God's creatures ought to be treated with more humanity. You might as well plunge my body and soul into the abysses of hell-it could not cause me greater agony."

I paused, panting for breath. The muscles of my neck stood-out like whipcords; the sweat of agony oozed from my shivering body, and the doctor in a cold, hard voice replied: "We were prepared for this; we expected it would not alter our course. The health laws are extremely rigorous in regard to

"I am not a leper," I emphatically declared; "had I been a leper it would have been discovered when I was a res- bright career. ident of Honolulu."

"Our decision is unalterable," answered the head physician. "We would | tion was not to be shaken; the mighty spare you this pain if we could, but it board had declared against me. I was s impossible."

termination upon their faces hope vanished and I sank into a chair spent with exhaustion. They left me without a word, and then the thought came of my little sweetheart, to torture me afresh. What would become of her? Better that she should believe me faithless, a scoundrel. Better anything than the truth. I determined to send her a message stating that I had been called away on business, and then to change my name, that she might never discover that the man she loved and would have married was that thing accursed of God and man, a leper! I could never see her sweet face again, nor ever hear her low, tender voice. She might come to me only in dreams. My little Jess! my lost love! only a short time ago since you were mine, and even now you would shrink with horror from such a thing as I. Yesterday a happy man, and to-day a leper. Yesterday! golden, mocking yesterday! Must its remembrance follow me through all the days and months and years of my dead youth?

My bitter reflections were broken; my hearse was at the door. Was it not a hearse, this wagon which was to bear me to a living tomb-to cut me adrift from the endearing ties of life? Death was more merciful than this. The dead to live always!" I mentally cried. With rode in their carriages respectfully unconscious-but I rode on with every aration, what is there in life to equal | nerve quivering with anguish. The the gracious gifts of love and wheels rattling upon the stone pavethe to-morrows of my existence would grave—to the grave forever." In the be as that day, as my happy yesterdays. I tried to banish the nervous forebod-merry voices; the sun flung upon the floor. ing which crept in and poisoned my blue dome above its royal banner of Why allow anything to light; birds sang jubilantly; happy trouble me? Did I not have all that a faces passed me, and flowers bloomed on every side. The air was redolent to begin life-robust health, a lucra- with perfume. It was spring in Calitive position in a great firm with a fair fornia, and all nature was glad; but Iprospect of advancement, the respect of I could not partake of it. I was young, my employers, and last and best of all, and I was old. Grief touched my mind with age, while youth imperiously asthe greatest pleasures of life?)-this reached the outskirts of the city at last. The hillsides were covered with blossoms. Perhaps if I were to touch them they might wither in my hand. he took me through Europe in search But no, they were of Heaven, and would not shrivel even in the hand of a

I was shut in my tomb among the left behind. The pitiable wretchessharers of my miserable lot-seemed as about in an apparently uninterested manner. Upon entering my new abode I shrank from them with an irrepressible shudder. But they did not appear to notice it, though I am sure my countenance must have betrayed the hot rebellion raging in my soul. Would I ever be like that loathsome object who sat huddled in a gloomy corner of the the inevitable approach of decay, to know as the leaden-footed years drag by, one must reach the stage where the of putrefaction. Horrible! Horrible! as if they would burst with the agony "I promise, little one, I promise." I which consumed me. My case attracted the attention of the journals and they, with my employers, demanded an investigation. So it was finally dethorough examination. Were it proven the world and the love of little Jess. If, on the contrary, I must be sent back here-but I dared not think of that.

The day dawned at last that was to fellow practitioners and I was again looks of astonishment and admiration, examined. They then retired to an ad- and critically inspected me as they would joining room for consultation. Soon the noble proportions of a blooded aniafter they reentered. But why did they mal. I stood before them like a murcompassion? What could it mean? I grace. In vain I tried to banish hope, It crept through my mind like a narcotic and whispered me that I was not chant of Honolulu, and me seen as he being so thoroughly developed in the ou. Are you man enough to meet it free! to marry the girl I loved-free! to the pleasant duties which filled "I trust I have, sir," I replied, with a lives of other men. I tried to think of the other side of the picture, but sh the other side of the picture, but ah, "It is my painful duty," he said, "to no! I had not the strength to contemfinform you that there can be no cure plate that. No vision of the inferno, or for your disease; you are afflicted with the hideous platures painted upon the

nothing. During Dr. Buckley's examination he ran a pin into my hand and

arm: "Do you feel any sensation?" he "None whatever," I replied queried. in a stifled voice, and stepping aside with an ominous look he made way for Dr. Jameson, of Honolulu, who through a rigid examination and then announced to the board that it was his opinion that I was not a leper.

"Not a leper." Oh, thank the good fod! The exclamation involuntarily broke from me-my heart beat with suffocating strokes as in a dream I saw the face of winsome Jess; but I was What do you know of leprosy? Have radely awakened by the hard voice of you ever treated it? What right have the head physician, announcing in you to east me among lepers? Before measured tones that the board had de-being commutted to that abhorred place, cided that I was afflicted with leprosy. cided that I was afflicted with leprosy. Every word fell upon my heart like ice entire medical fraternity. You may err in your judgment. What then? Must sounded to my numbed senses muffled I be thrust in there to court the loath- as a voice from a sepulcher, I heard Dr. Jameson pleading my cause. He stoutly declared to the wise men who had condemned me to a living death that I was not a leper-that he had spent the most of his life among lepers, and having treated the disease for many years was familiar with every phase of the malady; that it would be almost impossible from the mere knowledge to be gained from books to wholly comprehend the fearful scourge, and that one must have the actual experience of constant be a terrible blow to you, but that could practice in order to detect it in its earlier stages. He urged them to further consider the matter before leprosy, and it is therefore our painful thrusting me where I must soon conduty to send you at once to the leper tract the loathsome disease-and closed with an earnest appeal to them not to doom to a leper's ward a young man

who stood upon the threshold of a They listened with respectful atten tion to his remarks, but their conviccondemned, isolated. The fire of youth "Mercy is always possible. For the was in my veins, but a heavy eclipse love of God, give me a day's grace, a would darken all my days. The phyday's respite." My voice broke in a sicians solemnly filed past. Some great sob, and as I noticed the set deshrank by with averted looks; some gazed at me compassionately; another quickly brushed a tear away, but I seemed apart from it all, as though I

had suddenly slipped out of life. The doctor who pleaded my cause came up to where I stood, a statue of despair, and mutely shook my hand. "I did my best," was all he said, and hastily passed on to hide the tears which came into his eyes. I made no response; words struggled to my lips, but were choked in my throat. All had now left me. I wondered vaguely if I should awaken from the trance which chained me to the spot, and endeavored to think calmly, connectedly, but reason fell back appalled.

Through the mist which encompassed me I saw a woman approaching with an expression of pity upon her tender countenance, an expression such as the woman who mourned at the feet of the mocking cry of a demon borne upon me by an imagination maddened by suffering was the word leper-leper! It burnt upon my brain, it swam before my eyes; the air was heavy with sighs of the unfortunate outcasts, and a voice whispered close at my ear: "Do not allow that pure woman to touch you; you are unclean! Unclean! Accursed

of God!" She came to me, and through a rain of tears drew my head down and reverently kissed my brow. The haze which enveloped my thoughts ranished, youth? I then fell to wondering if all ment sang in my ears: "Going to the the frozen apathy which held me in a In the vise was dispelled, and with a hoarse

After a while some one roused me and I was taken back to that dread abode, the leper ward. My doom was sealed, my hopes laid low, but, unlike my wretched companions, I could not accept my fate with stoical indifference. I chafed inwardly at the restraints imposed upon me by law, and I dreaded the confinement and the association of lepers. How long would it last? How long would I have strength to face this death in life?

The hero of this narrative-William Horn, of Honolulu-who for a time was supposed to be unjustly detained in the leper ward at the San Francisco pesthouse, and whose case excited the sympathy of the entire community, eventually proved to be a leper. Young, handsome, well connected, and upon the dawn of a bright career, he was the most rebellious subject that ever entered the doors of that institution. In spite of the verdict of the board of health he clung to the belief that he was free from the taint of leprosy. The malady grew slowly upon him and he appeared as sound as anyone, but after lapse of a few months pustules broke out upon the arm which had so long been insensible to feeling.

Carrie Chevalier, a young and comely widow who had been sent to the pesthouse as a nurse, was frequently thrown in contact with young Horn and a warm friendship sprang up between them which ripened into love. She was the one whose kiss had comforted him. When forsaken by all sho read the story of repressed anguish in those sad eyes, and every device to divert his mind from the scourge of which he was the victim. He at first struggled to overcome this growing and, as he fancied, hopeless attachment, but day by day the charm of her championship, her sweet womanliness won upon him, cheering and sustaining him as he had never hoped to be sustained or comforted again. The Babylonian or image of "little Jess," his first love. who belonged to that other part of his existence-dead beyond recall-gradually came to him only us a half-remembered dream. Every throb of his heart adored as a devotee might the image of some saint. When she became aware of this adoration she resolved to renounce the world for him. He remonstrated with her upon the rashness of

they determined to escape from the pest-In order to carry out this plan he wrote to his father, a well-to-do mer-

-"And is the air healthy here?" asked a visitor at a mountain resort. "Excellent, air, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."-Tid-Bits.

brain of a drunkard in the frenky of delirium could equal the thought of becoming a leper. I gazed entreatingly into those somber countenances—but their faces were impenetrable masks. The Congiomerate.

AGE AND PLEASURES.

Extreme Youth and Old Age the Happings Periods of Life. "What a fortunate thing it is that every age brings its own pleasures. Were it otherwise, we would be treated more frequently than we are to the unlovely spectacle of old men and women clutching on to that artificial semblance of youth produced through the vulgar agency of the rouge pot and hair restorer. Pity is the only senti-ment inspired by these foolish ones, who, vainly endeavoring to delude themselves and others of the reality of a fictitious youth, blindly thrust aside the pleasures of that beautiful period of life which is always associated with silvery hair. To grow old gracefully is virtue to be assumed when not posessed.

"There is always something humorous and pathetic in the fifteen-yearold girl who wants to be a woman. It is a wonder that no shadow of coming sorrows crosses the fair brow when for the first time she coils her shining braids on the top of her head and ap pears "en coiffure." How frequently it happens that with the first long dress comes the first real joy, inevitably accompanied by the first acute sor-

"At eighteen a girl becomes both study, dress, or love, she is equally enthusiastic in all. To her all things are possible, because she has yet to learn that life holds fewer successes of any consequence, but grip leaves the than failures. Perhaps at twenty-five patient with a profound nervous de she is just as enthusiastic, but gener-pression that is as bad as the disease. ally by this time the tiny seed of doubt and unbelief has taken root. So much of its time under water, carries a bubthirty she has not become cynical, she her husband and children or religion.

"Viewing it dispassionately, after all, the two happiest periods of life are the beginning and the end-extreme youth and old age. The first the water does not pass them, although when we know no evil, and the latter, the sir does, and thus the air is impriswhen, by charity gained from bitter experience, we have grown able to impute to others the best motives for

wrong doing.
"It was with exceeding cheerfulness famous old lawyer compared the present gloaming of his life with the past uncertain glare of high noon.

"Yes, I am growing old,' he said, but I rarely feel a day older than I did twenty years ago only my ideas have all changed. I no longer care for the theater or ball, in fact I enjoy going home at night, putting on a smoking coat and slippers and then playing with the baby. I play more with my grandchildren than I ever did with my

"I remember thirty years ago entered into a case sanguine, sure of winning, but I have grown conservative with years. Experience has taught Christ must have worn. Suddenly, like me that the other man must win sometimes. Then, as a young man I was beligerent, now whether I am growing cowardly or amiable, I would rather avoid a dispute than seek it.

" 'I was thinking the other day of the 13th of December, 1862, when the battle of Fredericksburg was fought. I was in the thickest of that fight. A companion next to me was blown into pieces, his blood bespattering my face, and I never thought of fear, but with a courage born of recklessness rushed ahead, not knowing whether every minute might not be my last. Ah, yes; a man changes some in thirty years. know I have grown more charitable

"This is the real secret of happiness, giving joy to others. Each age in life must be a hapless one that is selfishly lived for self.—Laura B. Boothe, in Philadelphia Press.

THE BEAUTY OF LONDON FOGS And Other Artistic Attractions a French-

man Notes of the Great City M. Augustin Filon, in an article on the buildings and characteristics of the British metropolis contributed to a contemporary, has discovered that a London fog, with the sun trying to filter through it, is idealistic and suggestive, as well as sometimes more artistic in its effects than the monotonous luminosity of the south. A Thames fog. in fact, bathes London landscapes in a charming vagueness of outline. London, on the whole, is, in the estimation of the French author, an admirable city, despite the ugliness of its monuments and the sordid leprousness of its slums. Its parks are not gardens, but woods and meadows, bits of living nature thrown like cases into the desert of bricks and mortar. Even if Londoners had the folly to build in Hyde Park or Regent's Park, they would always have the Thames, so rich in varied aspect that an artist once said to the writer on a steamboat between Graves end and London Bridge that he had seen during the river journey two hundred pictorial masterpieces.

There is likewise a subject for wonder, according to M. Filon, in the im-mensity of the place which imparts en forsaken by all she read the story a special sensation and gives the idea of a life completed, and at the same with rare sympathy sought by device to divert his mind from submissive to law. The French author has also some interesting remarks to offer on London buildings of note. A Parisian in London took the Law Courts for a big church, and made the same mistake about Whitehall. Filon calls St. Pancras Station a feudal chateau of the beginning of the six-teenth century, while Euston is a Babylonian or Cyclopean building, resembling the tomb of a prehistoric conqueror.-London Telegraph.

A Unique Motive Power. Accounts come from Germany that Krupp, the famous gun maker, is now was for his ministering angel, whom he building a number of experimental engines to test a novel idea. According to Hardware, a German inventor has taken patents on the utilization of the general principle that finely divided earbonaceous matter floating in the air joining her fate with that a leper, but readily explodes. He proposes to grind as her resolution was not to be shaken coal to an impalpable powder, and after introducing the dust floating in the air into the cylinder of an engine, explode it, the idea being to follow secured the necessary funds, with his use of gas in engine practice. Naturheroic nurse he escaped at night from ally, the first question which has risen the hospital. They have never be at has been how to get rid of the ash seen or heard from since.—Lee Bascom. Krupp is reported to have stated that Krupp is reported to have stated that his experience in gun manufacture con rinces him that this is not a serious sinces him that this is not a serious obstacle. The sdvantages which would grow out of a direct utilization of mineral fuel as mined are very obvious. While modern practice converts only 10 to 15 per cent. of the heat energy stored in coal into power at the crank shaft of a steam engine, it is believed that no less than 75 to 80 per cent could be made available by the direct could be made available by the direct combustion of fuel through explosion of coal dust.—Mechanical News. SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-The establishment of a labor exchange by the labor organizations of Kansas City is an attempt to carry into practical effect the co-operative idea of Edward Bellamy.

—Corn husks boiled in caustic soda

are being utilized for the manufacture of paper. The cooking process results in the formation of a spongy, glutinous paste, which is subjected to heavy pressure so as to eliminate the gluten, the fiber remaining being made nto paper in the ordinary way .- Solentific American.

-Recent catalogues show that entomologists have found 363 species of spiders in the upper Cayuga lake basin 870 in the District of Columbia and 346 in New England. Dr. George Marx has compiled a list of 202 species which have been found in the polar regions of the globe.

-Of the 15,940 tons of pig iron which was exported from the United States in the last fiscal year, 14,796 tons went to Canada. In that market the furnaces of the United States were so successful in competing with those of England that English iron was almost entirely driven from the Canadian market -- Baltimore Journal of Commerce

-A physician who has devoted special study to the grip says that it is loving and lovable. Energy and en- easier to determine by the after effects thusiasm seem a prerogative of this whether a patient is suffering from age. Whether the object is work, the endemic or the common, non-cortagious form of influenza, than it is by the primitive symptoms. Influenza of -The water spider, which spends most depends upon her past fortunes. If at ble of air for breathing on the under side of its body; and, when this air is too frequently is foolish either about exhausted, it comes to the surface for more. It is enabled to carry the air bubble because the under side of its body is covered with tiny hairs set so close together that the surface film of the air does, and thus the air is imprisoned among the hairs.

-The area devoted to potatoes in New Zealand shows a substantial increase, amounting to 60 per cent., in nine years, while the product has advanced from 4,000,000 bushels in 1883 to 6,600,000 bushels in 1891, with an export trade now amounting to nearly 1,500, 000 bushels. In Tasmania the area planted to potatoes is also steadily increasing and now covers more than 20,000 acres, which yielded 2,731,000 bushels in 1891, of which 1,250,000 bushels were exported to other colonies.

-Since Darwin's investigations on so called "carnivorous plants," a great deal has been written on the habits and powers of these remarkable organisms, but the question how flies, etc. were dissolved and digested seems to have remained unsolved. It is now maintained that digestion in the case of carrivorous plants is due to the activity of certain micro-organisms, which are always present in the sap of the mature plant, and that their secretions are favorable to the development

of such minute organisms.-Knowledge. -The licorice plant is chiefly grown on the banks of the Tigrisand Euphrates, in localities where for three months during the prevalence of hot winds, the temperature reaches 104 degrees, and for three months often registers 30 degrees below at night. The remaining six months are moderate and healthy. This plant is a small shrub, about three feet high with light foliage, growing where its roots can reach the water, and needing no cultivation. When the root is dug up it is full of water, and takes nearly a year to dry. The rotten pieces are used for firewood, while the good wood is shipped to London and America, where it is used largely in the manufacture

of tobacco. -It is believed, according to P. L. Simmonds, F. L. S., that there are five times as many insects as there are species of all other living things put together. The oak alone supports 450 species of insects, and 200 kinds make their home in the pine. Forty years ago Humboldt estimated that the number of species preserved in collections was between 150,000 and 170,000, but scientific men now say that there must be more than 750,000, without taking into account the parasite creatures. Of the 35,000 species in Europe, however, not more than 3,500 are noxious or de structive. There are more than 100,000

-For more than a century the breeding of canaries has been a thriving industry in parts of Germany. In 1850 the German dealers began to ship the birds to New York, and then to South America and Australia. The profits are small, but the industry is a godsend to the poor, who make the small wooden cages. It is estimated that about 250,000 canary birds are raised every year in Garmany. The most important market is the United States, which takes about 100,000 birds per annum. When the birds are shipped to this country they are always accompanied by an attendant. On the return voyage these attendants take American birds and animals to Europe.

Joweled Hair Ornaments. One of the newest arrangements for

head decoration is the heavy ring of repousse gold, through which the hair is drawn, and then twisted into a tight Psyche knot. A tortoise shell ornament in the shape of a pen, the plume part of gold, exquisitely finished, is intended to stab this little classic arrangement through and through. The effect is very "classic," and Sappho might have worn it. The fashion of wearing snoods wound about the bunched tresses has brought out a number of pretty jewelled ornaments to be placed where the bow-knot is air about them, jeweled antenne, or something of that sort. The Russian manner of setting bits of turquoise, malachite and pink conch shell as an accentuation to silver openwork is ex-tremely striking, and the Russian gold filigroe, when lighted up with clear stones, such as the topaz, sapphire and the diamond, is remarkably elegant. Combs of this sort of work in the highpointed tops are now to be seen. In fact, these Russian gold combs and hairpins are so exquisite in workman-ship, and such an addition to the hair when worn, that their extreme popularity is assured.—N. Y. Journal

But the Honors Were Not Easy. Walker Ham-Hello, old man! Where nave you been all winter? Onnis Uppers-Out west, playing econd parts to Scully in heavy

Walker Ham—Good, gord! An' I'll wager me kingdom you divided the honors with the ster.
Onnis Uppars—On the walk home me boy, it was a tie between us.—Puck.

A GOOD FISH STORY.

When You Come to Inquire Into It It's a Good Ghost Story, Too. "A few years ago," said the old gentleman, "I was a-cutting and piling driftwood on the lake shore, when a party from the village came down to fish through the ice. It was a cold, raw day. They told me that if I'd let them use my fishing shanty and they had any luck they would give me some fish. Well, at it they went. Just as I was a-picking up at night to go home, they fetched me a pickerel that would a-pulled down six pounds good and strong. I brought him home and put him up in the crotch of that apple tree over there. Then I done my chores, eat my supper, got the pickerel and thought I'd clean him; but he was froze hard as a brick, so I run a string through his gills and hung him up back of the stove

to thaw out. "I'd got a good grip on the sleep that night, and was a-plowing ahead on the gallop, when my wife woke me up and said there was some one at the door. I listened a bit 'nd heard a noise jest like some feller was a-knocking on the door with mittens on his hand. I were a bit vexed; slid out of bed, pulled on my pants and boots, but did not strike a ight, grabbed a big cane which stood at the head of my bed, hurried to the door, opened it and jumped out ready to knock the stuffin' out of anything. But, my dear sir, there weren't any-thing there to knock. I run round the house; not a living critter could I see; nor even any tracks in the snow.

"To bed I went ag'in, and was just dropping off, when the old woman, she nudged me hard and whispered, 'Hear that! jest listen; there it goes ag'in!" "I sat up in bed, and jest as plain as day I could hear a dull sort of a thump! given you something to eat?" Tatterthump! I begun to feel agerish like;

"I kinder shivered for bout half a minute, when there was the darndest racket out in the kitchen you ever heard; sounded as if some one was akicken' a tin pan all around the room; and my dog, he came a-yelpin' and howlin' into the bedroom and crawled clear under the bed, where he kept up a-whinin' and a-yelpin'. My wife screamed and crawled down under the bed clothes. I had not only the ager, but the chills-sweating chills good and strong. I was rattled, badly rattled; jest had sense enough left to crawl out of bed, grab my gun, which was loaded, and creep carefully to the kitchen door. There was certainly some fellow out there barefooted, and he was having a hull dancing school all to hisself. I located him as near as I could in the dark, then, without making any noise, brought my gun to my shoulder and

let her go. "The flash of the gun was just long enough to let me see what the trouble was I went back, lit a candle and then went to the kitchen. There, right in the middle of the floor was that are cussed pickerel having the liveliest kind of a circus all by hisself. He was a-cutting up in great shape with his flipity-flop, hipity-hop, jest as lively as if he had jest been pulled out of the water. With a stick of firewood I busted that are show quicker'n you could say

"You see, I hung him up in a good, warm place to thaw out directly over the old woman's dishpan, right under the pan being a good, warm, out-of-the way place the dog used to sleep. As that infernal pickerel began to thaw brice!"-Tit-Bits. out his old cussedness crept back into him. Between the flappings of his tail dash had on her no and the workings of his jaws he broke the string, then dropped onto the dish, and both fell onto the dog."-Forest

RINGS OF MIRACULOUS POWER. Belief in Their Power Has Existed Since

Medicated finger rings, having the supposed power of curing or alleviating disease, are of great antiquity. The history of some of these jewelled wonders can be traced back into the a representation of Heroules strangling sphere, but has been flattened the Namean lion, and which was remarriage to "Joseph, the carpenter." The cures attributed to this holy talisof the seventeenth century. Other remarkable powers besides the

curing of diseases have been accorded to rings worn by various rulers and church dignitaries. Otnet, one of the early kings of Lombardy, was the happy owner of a finger ring which would always, no matter where he wandered, direct him to the right path. There was a mediaval legend to the effect that Nosh, upon leaving the ark, divided the bones of Adam (which, with the sepulcher and the tree that grew upon it had been taken into the great craft, according to a command of God) among his sons. The legs and feet fell to the younger, who fashioned a ring (the old account says a "brace let") from the knee-pan to which was given power outrivaling anything known to the ancients. While sitting These have mostly a perky little at the foot of Mount Neimtenz with this ring loosely hanging about his wrist, he is said to have had a vision in which the whole future of the human race was clearly unfolded; plan of redemption, judgment day and all.

The ring of Drometius has always been the envy of all lovers of fairy lore; and where is the boy, girl or adult who has not sighed for the possession of Aladdin's wonderful ring, if only for a few moments?—Philadelphia Press.

Yes! It was indubitable. It and been evident to Algy for a long time. He had tried to conceal it, but 'twas impossible. And now his friends were aware of it. Some congratulated him, soms sympathized with him. All wished him success.

Some gave good advice, others bad. He alone had to discriminate between the good and worthless. It was a serious matter. A crucial time in his life. But it comes to all young men. What is it? you ask. Why whiskers, of course.—Life. PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Drowning Man—"Help! Do throw me a life-belt!" Passenger (a tailor)— "Most happy to oblige. What size round the waist, please?"—Uber Land and Meer.

-He-"What a charming young woman! She speaks on every topic with equal ease." She—"A matter of atavism, my dear. Her grandfather was a barber."—Le Figare.

-I wish I could learn to like oys ters." "You can easy enough." "How?" Just wait until they cost three or four times what they are worth."

-Speedy Colors,-Uncle Bluegrass 'Will them colors run?" Clerk-"Yes, but I can give you something else."
Uncle Bluegrass—"No; Mandy said to
be sure and get fast colors."—Wasp. -Mitigation .- Judge -"Have -Mitigation. - Judge - "Have you any remarks to offer that may lead to

a mitigation of your sentence?" oner-"Yes, I will thank you to have a sofa put in my cell."-Seifenblasen.
-Stranger-"I am in search of an editor. How many people in this town who know how to run a newspaper?" Editor-"Well, the population numbers

885.—Atlanta Constitution.

—"So Bankster married his type-writer operator." "Yes." "And she "And she doesn't do any more work?" "It didn't turn out that way. She simply doesn't draw any more salary."-Washington Star.

-Mrs. Watts-"Mary Ann, these balusters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair rails are clean, and as smooth as glass." Mary Ann-"Yes, mem. She has t'ree small boys."

-Her First Baking. - Tattersall-"You are very, very cruel, madam."
Mrs. Youngwise—"Why? Haven't I sall-"I asked for bread and you give mought have trembled a bit; then I me a stone."—N. Y. Herald.
hollered, 'Who's there?' No answer.

—Jack Potte—"I am sorry, aunt, that

you feel so tired: for this Japanese section is most interesting. Won't you let me get you a jinrikisha?" Aunt Bracer -"Well, perhaps 't would make me feel a little better; but don't have it made too strong!"-World's Fair Puck. -Knew from Experience .- "What is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer, glaring about him, "than the relentless power of the maelstrom?" And a henpecked-looking man in the rear of the building softly replied.

"Femalestrom."—Yankee Blade.

—Jimmy—"Why don't yer come over here an' skate? The ice is a heap slicker." Tommy-"They's more fun here. If I was to break through here, I'd likely drown, an' over there th' water ain't a foot deep."-Indianapoli Journal.

-"What do you think of the board of directors of the new joint stock com-"Half of them are people who pany?" are capable of nothing, while the rest are capable of anything!"-Fliegends Blatter.

-Petition Granted .- "Won't you give me just one little kiss, my darling? he pleaded in a low and tender tone 'I can only say, she answered in her orisk and breezy western prairie style. that I am a true Chicago girl, and the motto of Chicago is 'I will.' "-Somer ville Journal.

-Highwayman (to Mr. Levy, secondhand dealer in miscellaneous property)

-"Your money or your life." Mr. Levy-"Mine friendt, you gannot expect me to gif you my money for nodings, and mine life von'dt do you no goot. But I tells you vot I vill do-1 vill buy dot bistol off you at a fair

-He Saw Not.-Cleverton-Miss Pencalled the other night. Have you seen it?" Dashaway-"Yes. I was there last night." Cleverton-"Didn't you think it fitted beautifully?" Dashaway-"The gas was so low I couldn't see."-The Cloak Review.

THE DEATH LOT.

A Curious Redic Sald to Have Been Used in the British Army.

James Corbin, an old resident of Canton, Ill., has a quaint and interest ing relic that he, as a boy in Ohio, misty past, to the time of Marcus found in a deserted log cabin over sixty Aurelius. Trolian, a physician of the years ago. It is a solid copper ball, fourth century, was the owner of a about an inch and a quarter in diamesignet ring upon which was engraved ter. When first made it was a perfect mering so that while preserving its ported to be a certain cure for colic. spherical form it has thirty-two facets. The English king, Edward the Con- arranged so that a line from the middle fessor, was once presented with a ring of one facet through the center would reputed to possess miraculous powers, strike the middle of another facet. peing a cure for epilepsy in any and all Upon each of these was deeply stamped its stages. After the death of Edward a number from 1 to 33. When the ball this never failing antidote was kept in is rolled it will, of course, stop with Westminster Abbey, certain days being one of those flat places upon whatever set aside for applying the "cure" to those afflicted who believed in its efficacy. In the cathedral of Perujia gether make 33. For instance, if 19 is is still shown the "holy ring," said to at the top the ball will be found to rest be the identical circlet worn by Mary, on 14; 13 would be paired with 20, 32 the mother of Jesus, at the time of her with 1, and so on, the top and bottom figures always making 33.

The only man who ever saw this man were the subject of a remarkable surious piece of copper and claimed to little tract printed in the latter part know the use it was intended to be put to is said to have been John Crosby, of Zanesville, Ohio, near which place it was found. Mr. Crosby claimed it was used in the English army a good many years ago as a means for casting the "death lot." Desertion from the army used to be invariably followed by a sentence of death as soon as the de-serter was caught. Sometimes there were a good many under sentence of death, but only part of them were executed at one time. If any number, say five, were to be shot at a given time the imprisoned men were given a number. The ball was then rolled. The number uppermost when the ball stopped indicated one of the men who was to be executed, and so on until the required number of victims was secured.—St. Louis Remublic. secured.—St. Louis Republic.

An Indian Hunting Story. A very strange incident is reported

from the Godra districts in the Panch Mahals. A large panther had for some time been causing much injury to the cattle of the district, and the superin-tendent of police, Mr. J. V. Cooke, went out in pursuit. He succeeded in getting a shot at the animal and bowled him over, the bullet going right through the pauther's heart without touching a bone. The panther fell close to a hole or den within which, unsuspected by the party, a female panther lay enseonced. The bullet after passing through the body of the male punther, struck the second animal in the forehead and entered her brain, killing her at once. The whole episode of the proximity and accidental death of the second panther was unknown to the shooting party, and it was not till the next morning that the body of the female panther was found in the den with a bullet in the brain. It was a most providential accident, as the panther whose presence was unknown and unsuspected would, in all probability, have charged the party while taking away the male mather